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## OUR VOLUNTEERS OF OLD.

TOWARDS the close of the last, and at the beginning of the present century, when General Bonaparte was known to be making preparations for a descent on England, a cry 'To arms!' resounded in the remotest corner of the empire; nor is it to be supposed that the efforts now making towards the organisation of a system of national defence, bear any proportion to the fiery enthusiasm that animated the Old England of 1803 and 1804.

The king proclaimed his resolution to raise the royal standard at the Warley encampment of 30,000 men, near Brentwood, in Essex. A still larger body of troops were to occupy Lichfield, as being the most central position in the island; and military commissioners went down to survey the cathedral, parish churches, and every large building suited to the accommodation of soldiery. Bands of navvies were stationed ready to cut the sea-dikes at Pevensey Level, and thus inundate many miles of the adjacent country. The executive, under the vigorous administration of William Pitt, shewed itself prepared for every emergency. Warrants under the royal sign-manual ordered deputy-lieutenants of maritime counties—in pursuance of a recent statute—to cause all horses likely to fall into the enemy's hands to be either killed or hamstring; the axle-trees of wagons, wains, and carts, to be sawn asunder; and all cattle and corn not removable, to be destroyed; assurance being given to the owners that they would receive ample compensation. Two directors of horses and draught-cattle, with the same number of conductors of live-stock, were to be selected for each division of a parish; and a company of pioneers from each, with mattocks and spades for constructing earth-works. Inspectors of districts to report the by-roads by which they purposed to remove stock, and the places to which it could be driven. Custom-house officers received notice to convey inland, or else let run to waste, on the first alarm, all wines, brandies, and other spirits in bond or otherwise. A temporary bridge was contrived across the Medway from Chatham Docks, in case it should be deemed expedient to blow up the centre arch of Rochester Bridge. Marshal Saxe, a celebrated soldier of fortune of the last century, having stated in his *Military Reveries* that London was assailable only by the Thames, the Trinity House, with a munificence and patriotism which cannot sufficiently be extolled, undertook to provide for the security of that 'great silent highway of commerce;' and when the Admiralty added ten war-vessels, of twenty-six guns each, moored as floating-batteries at the river's mouth, that important

inlet to the very heart of London was considered to be amply provided for. Nor should it be here omitted that the East India Company contributed to our maritime defences twenty ships, all first-class frigates.

Even remote villages had their walls placarded with fierce denunciations against the coming foe; competent persons, sent down from London, drilled the rustics in 'push of pike,' 90,000 of which were ready for distribution; and one individual, the mayor of Swansea, purchased a thousand of these formidable weapons with which to arm the Glamorganshire miners and pitmen. The farmers everywhere bound themselves voluntarily to furnish men, horses, and wains, if wanted, to convey troops to the coast; sixty husbandmen out of two Essex hundreds alone, putting down their names for upwards of seventy wagons of four horses each. Government prepared about a thousand light frames, and distributed them among patriotic coachmakers, hackney-coach owners, &c., to be mounted upon spare carriages, for the same purpose. The nobility and gentry, especially of Norfolk, placed flag-staves on their house-tops, on which the hoisting of a red banner should be the signal for the tenants to rise in arms. Loyal mayors of county towns, in a fervour of patriotism, paraded the streets with life and drum, beating up for volunteers. Provincial theatres were converted into barracks. Those citizens who felt too old for military service, got staves, and swore themselves in as special constables, to keep the peace, while their townsmen were in the field. In case of emergency, Lancashire offered to embody 30,000 men, armed, equipped, and ready for active duty; and in Yorkshire, in the town of Leeds, £15,000 was promptly subscribed to bear the charges of its volunteer levies, and those of its populous vicinity. The Duke of Northumberland raised a cavalry regiment 1500 strong from his own tenantry; the Duke of Rutland did the same at Belvoir; Sir John Leycester offered a thousand infantry from his Cheshire estates alone; while an untitled commoner, Mr Miles, 'humbly solicited his majesty's acceptance of two hundred mounted troopers, in augmentation of the Royal Life Guard.'

Such was the old-world loyalty sixty years since—akin to that of the Cavaliers during the civil wars, exhibited at a still more momentous epoch. Martello-towers were erected all round the coast. A short time previous, Captain Young of the *Terrible*, 74, with a 40-gun frigate, had attacked one of these towers in the island of Corsica, and got terribly crippled thereby. It was manned by only a sergeant and twelve men, with a single piece of ordnance, which traversed round, so as to point every way. By

this tower, which was bomb-proof, the ships were driven off, after having a number of men killed, and being thrice on fire.

A chain of beacons, loaded with combustibles, not only ran along-shore, but crossed the island, upon every hill-top, from the Land's End to John o' Groats. Devonshire had sixteen, and the adjacent county of Cornwall seven. Red flags, hoisted over village steeples, took up and propagated the alarm. Guards were constantly on duty around these beacons—a most necessary precaution—for, did even a smuggler's craft approach the shore, instantly the peasantry rushed to fire it; and no language can paint the terror and confusion, as well as the tumultuous arming, consequent on the country being thus simultaneously covered with one blaze of light. Amongst other precautions to obviate this risk, bonfires, on the 5th of November, were rigidly suppressed. A feverish state of anxiety and vigilance was everywhere apparent. At Folkestone, whenever the wind blew from the French coast, sea-fencibles patrolled the town all night, repeating the usual challenge at every post. 'Something decisive may be expected,' says a private letter, dated 1st September 1804. 'At this moment, the Corsican has everything in his favour; a strong flood-tide, the wind fresh and fair for crossing the Channel, and a very hazy fog, so that we cannot see two miles from shore. All the men-of-war in the Downs ready to slip or cut their cables at an instant's notice. Clerks at Admiralty said to be in attendance all night. Everything indicates, on the part of government, the utmost vigilance. A heavy firing, heard from darkness to sunrise, towards France; and the following day, in the direction of the Cornish coast—twenty reports were counted in the space of a minute.' Yet all this terrific hurly really seems to have delighted those most interested in its momentous results. A mounted dragoon, his horse all foam and mire, dashes through the streets of Southampton, the bearer of an express from the Duke of York—for the electric wire was destined for a later generation. Two thousand four hundred men get under arms in less than an hour. The men of eight adjacent villages, where orders arrived at noon, are marching by four o'clock. The aspect of the town resembles a gala-day. Loyal songs, inspired by the supposed imminent prospect of encountering the enemy, resound through the streets. However homely the composition of these patriotic lyrics, they were calculated to sustain the popular enthusiasm, as will appear from the following fragment, sung to a well-known popular air:

Fathers! be of cheer;  
Britons are no drones, sirs;  
Should Bonaparte appear,  
Soon we'll part his bones, sirs.  
And if on our shore  
Should he land his scum, sirs,  
When that he comes o'er,  
Soon he'll be o'ercome, sirs.

Gilray and Rowlandson, two famous caricaturists of the day, were actually retained in the public service by Mr Pitt. One of their productions, now before me, represents a brawny countryman in a smock-frock, holding up to a crowd of excited spectators the head of Bonaparte, stuck upon a stubble-fork, with his huge military cocked-hat, and streaming with blood—'Twelve hours after landing' being inscribed below. Very comic incidents sometimes resulted from this prevalent indignation and alarm. The Bristol coaches arriving, during holiday-time in that city, late, and crowded with passengers inside and out, a report instantly circulated that the strangers were London fugitives, the French having landed on the eastern coast. A commercial traveller from Liverpool, driving a gig through the narrow roads of Shropshire, was delayed by a farmer and his team, that kept in

the centre of the road. Impatient of this slow travelling, the bagman ordered him imperiously to pull aside, adding: 'Surely you can't know who I am.'

'Noa, quoth Hodge, a cavalry man; 'who be ye?'

'Why, the great Bonaparte—none other.'

'Be ye, though?' bawled the rustic, grinning maliciously; and pulling round, so as to block up the passage, 'I've long wished to see ye, Master Boney. Here goes at your flat bottom, Master Boney!' and making a rush, he overturned the carriage topsy-turvy into the ditch. Leaving the horse kicking it to fragments, he then dragged out the miserable bagman, and gave him a merciless beating. At the next town, the assailant was of course summoned for assault and battery; but the magistrate, a loyal Shropshire squire, happened to be the farmer's captain also. 'There was no law,' he said, 'which prevented an Englishman from drubbing Bonaparte, and capsizing his flat-bottom boats wherever he found them. The farmer had acted, as he conceived, for the good of his country. The complainant, therefore, must put up with the consequences of his folly and unpatriotic assumption of a name odious in this country.' So the case was dismissed.

In the meantime, the volunteer movement was universal throughout the empire. By a return made at the War-office, November 11, 1803, the account stood thus: Volunteer infantry, 297,500; volunteer cavalry, 31,600; volunteer artillery, 6207; total, 335,307. Compared in numerical strength with the French armies, a contemporary journal observes: 'If to these be added our regulars and militia, we too may boast of our 500,000 fighting-men;' and taking the volunteer return merely, it exhibits—at a period, too, when the population was not more than a half of its present census—a muster-roll seven times greater than that of 1850.

An excellent spirit animated all ranks. Eight clergymen of Lincolnshire were drawn by ballot for a cavalry corps. Instead of evading service by pleading their spiritual calling, or by the hire of substitutes, each procured a good sword and a good horse. In ancient Bristol, when all the troops were ordered off to Wales—already once invaded, and twice threatened—the merchants in five minutes subscribed £80 to buy them refreshments on the march; and Colonel Hugh Baillie immediately set about raising a corps of 1500 gentlemen, to serve in plain clothes for a civic garrison, and to mount guard over a large body of French prisoners confined in the vicinity. Indeed, it was originally intended that all volunteer corps should wear no uniform beyond an arm-badge, indicating the parish or district to which they belonged, government furnishing in addition a stout leathern helmet.

As further fuel to the patriotism that fired the national mind, a copy of the proclamation *ready printed* in Paris, which was to have accompanied the invasion, found its way to England. It ran thus: 'Soldiers, the sea is passed! The boundaries of nature have yielded to the genius and fortunes of France, and haughty England groans under the yoke of her conquerors. London is before you!—the Peru of the old world is your prey; within twenty days, I plant the tricolor upon the walls of her execrable Tower. March! Towns, fields, provisions, cattle, gold, silver, women, I abandon all to you. Occupy these noble mansions, these smiling farms. An impure race, rejected of Heaven, which has dared to be the enemy of Bonaparte, is about to expiate its crimes, and disappear from the earth. Yes, I swear to you that you shall become terrible!'

BONAPARTE.

When the heir-apparent, as Duke of Cornwall, appealed to the patriotism of his hardy miners for raising one regiment 1000 strong, to be named 'The

\* There were no railways in those days.

Royal Stannary Volunteers,' instead of 1000, they offered 5000 men. A declaration accompanying their offer states, 'that the Cornishmen will never quit the post of action assigned them, while a single French soldier in arms shall be found within their reach.' The regiment of Border Volunteers, 1600 men, who, when shoulder to shoulder, covered more ground than any other corps of equal force in the service, was regarded as the crack-regiment of northern England. A large proportion of those composing it marched twenty miles to drill, and after a hard day's work, returned on foot the same distance. A lady, remarkable for her beauty and rank in the county of Northumberland, presented the regiment with a pair of silken colours. The ensign, a gallant young moss-trooper, conceiving that he was called upon to address the damsel in reply, with Spartan brevity spoke thus: 'Madam, I receive these colours with ardent devotion, and will with fortitude defend them; and when aw the silk's shot away, I'll bring ye the pow [pole] whoam again.' In strong contrast to these hardy mountaineers was a little band of sixty juveniles, sons of gentlemen in Manchester, the eldest not sixteen, who clothed, armed, and drilled themselves with such admirable precision, that their parades became the fashionable lounge of that wealthy factory town. They shot excellently at the target. They, too, received a costly present of regimental colours from the hand of a pretty school-miss, embroidered with the words, 'FROM ACORN'S SPRING OAKS;' just as, in her own case, the rosebud would expand into the full-blown flower.

In Scotland, the Duke of York contemplated appealing to the loyalty of its chieftains, and raising a number of battalions from the clans, each under its patriarchal leader. By this plan it was suggested the Macdonalds, the Macleods, the Mackenzies, the Gordons, the Campbells, the Frasers, and other powerful families, would be incorporated under their respective banners, forming an invincible force for the defence of North Britain. The Royal Edinburgh Volunteers were commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Hope, a stout-spirited man, whose commanding abilities in his profession afterwards placed him at the head of the Court of Session. Addressing his men, he tells them, that as it is the first duty of a commander to attend to the health of those under his charge, he will permit no gentleman, officer or private, to march out of Edinburgh on duty, unless provided with a flannel under-dress. No officer of that regiment was allowed any indulgence or accommodation beyond the privates; they therefore marched with their whole baggage upon their backs, of which the lieutenant-colonel himself set the example, never mounting his horse except for the purposes of command. No distinction of rooms or tents was allowed—officers and privates shared alike; but the officers messes together, for the advantage of military discussions during the repast. Each officer and private, when about to march, had orders to repair to the alarm-post, on the north side of St Andrew's Square, with four and a half pounds of bread or biscuit. Gentlemen were admonished as to the propriety of not taking too much money with them—one or two guineas at most being deemed an ample supply.

In the British capital, with a population then considerably under one million, were five-and-thirty volunteer corps, comprising about 40,000 men. The City had eleven regiments of 'Loyal London Volunteers.' Great exertions were made to bring them into a state of efficiency. Several companies attended drill daily. Sir Henry Hardinge, Inspecting Field-officer of the London District, compliments the corps 'east of Temple Bar on being far more silent at drill than heretofore;' adding, that every man, from the moment he is under arms until dismissed, ought, on no account whatever, to move hand, head,

tongue, foot, or eye but in obedience to his officer. 'It is positively necessary,' adds Sir Henry, 'that every man, officers included, become a mere machine, no part of which is to stir or be put in motion except by the voice of its commander.' By degrees, their discipline and *esprit de corps* became exemplary. At a period when intemperance was the rule, there appeared, stuck up at the head-quarters of the City regiment of horse, a notice, 'that one of their body having been found drunk on parade, the officers thus publicly renounce all further association with him. They request that his name may be erased from the roll, as unfit to remain among gentlemen united in an earnest desire to make themselves useful to their king and country.'

Exclusiveness was banished from the movement. H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence served as a private in the Teddington corps. Most of the king's ministers had enrolled themselves in one regiment or another, though Mr Wyndham, an opposition leader, told the House they would desert to a man when the French landed, for they must either desert their offices or the volunteer corps, and it was easy to guess where their choice would lie. At a civic banquet, Alderman Shaw proposed 'the health of the greatest man in England, Colonel William Pitt, of the Cinque Ports Volunteers.' When the tumult of applause had died away, up rose Sheridan, and with admirable tact said: 'Gentlemen, allow me also to name a toast. I call for bumpers to the health of Private Charles James Fox, of the Chertsey Volunteers, the honestest man in England.' Acclamations followed this sally, and the fraternisation was complete. Stiff leather stocks having been served out to the men of the Cinque Ports, Pitt overheard a blacksmith, one of them, grumbling at the pestilent inconvenience. 'See,' said the prime minister; 'I wear it, and don't complain.' 'Ah, colonel,' retorted Mulciber, 'yourn's the longest neck, as well as the longest head, in Britain. So, d'yee see, the case is altered.'

The 'Loyal London' had occasionally hard measure dealt out to them. Mr Wyndham, although himself captain of one of the highest disciplined suburban corps, sneered at them in the House, saying, 'before they would be good soldiers, they must get rid of their gross feeding and beer;' and that, like the countess in the play, 'one could now scarcely spit out of window without offending some colonel or major, so numerous had they become.'

Between the marksmanship of our present defenders and that of our old volunteers—since they carried the clumsy, old smooth-bore musket, with flint and steel lock, which preceded the percussion gun—it is not fair to speak. They burned a good deal of powder, however; seven tons per week being the average quantity for the London district. Sham-fights and skirmishing-parties were incessant on Primrose Hill and Hornsey Fields. Many dreadful accidents occurred in the brief course of six months. A Mr Dewey was shot through the head, skirmishing at the latter place; Lieutenant Kerr, through the lungs. Many perished by overloading their pieces, one of which had six cartridges in it when discharged; and others, through incautiously standing behind the targets. Seventy shots in the target out of two hundred seems their best; but a surgeon of the Law Association Corps made himself illustrious by piercing the bull's-eye five times in succession. A gentleman of the Royal Westminster Light Horse could go through the divisions of the sword-exercise with a sword in each hand, whilst his horse was at the top of his speed.

The great event of the volunteer movement was their being reviewed in Hyde Park by George III. in the autumn of 1803, to the number of nearly 50,000 men. There not being space enough to allow of their being all paraded at the same time, the spectacle occupied two days. By nine o'clock, the



body of volunteers selected for the day had assembled. At half-past nine, the whole deployed into line on their right companies, extending from the edge of Buckden Hill entirely round the Park; their left being close flanked by the wall of Kensington Gardens, on the Knightsbridge side of the Serpentine. Just before ten, his majesty, attended by H.R.H. the Duke of York and a magnificent staff, entered the Park at Kensington Gate, where his majesty received a salute of twenty-one guns from the Honourable Artillery Company. On the king and his suite reaching a central position, the whole line presented arms, every band at the same instant playing *God save the King*. His majesty then proceeded to inspect the line, commencing with the London Cavalry, which occupied the right of Buckden Hill, and then passed the front of the whole twenty-seven corps, who respectively carried arms as the king approached. On the firing of the fourth cannon, the whole primed and loaded by word of command; and at the fifth cannon, the line fired from centre to flank by battalions, which was twice repeated. The firing was in general bad, the troops not being accustomed to fire in the air, and also because, from the great noise in rear of the line, the regiments could not distinguish the word of command.

The firing over, the eighth cannon was discharged, as a signal for three cheers, which were given heartily from the throats of full three hundred thousand persons—more than a third of the then population of London. The queen and princesses stood upright in their carriages, in the excitement of the scene, while the king sat bareheaded upon his charger. The Surrey Yeomanry and Westminster Cavalry kept the ground. The Duke of Clarence was present in the uniform of a private of the Teddington Volunteers, and amongst the royal cavalcade appeared several princes of the exiled House of Bourbon, with Generals Pichegru and Dumourier.

#### CRIMINAL STATISTICS.

If we had any idea that the majority of our readers took the trouble to peruse those bulky folios published by the parliament of Great Britain under the generic title of 'Blue-books,' we certainly should not trouble them with the present article. Numerous as are the volumes to which we allude, and oftentimes wondrous bulky in external appearance, and singularly uninteresting in internal contents, we are sure no one into whose hands they came would pass over two, lately printed, dealing with the state of crime in England, and Wales during the past year, and the cost of criminal justice during the same period.\*

First, as to the actual number of the criminal population. It appears that there are in round numbers 25,000 houses of disreputable character in the kingdom generally, dens from which no fewer than 134,922 persons of both sexes daily proceed on missions of vice and immorality. About 6500 of these are thieves under 16 years of age, many being children who are kept in the employ of older evildoers, and sent out to prey upon the more charitable portion of the community; some 27,113 are thieves above 16; 39,226 are suspected persons; and 22,557 are vagrants, all well known to the police, and few, if any, unacquainted with the interior of a jail; to these we must add those actually confined in prison, about 25,000, and we shall then have about 165,000 persons, for whose especial use and benefit all the

vast, intricate, and expensive machinery of our criminal law has been designed.

It is very remarkable to notice the variable proportion of offenders found in different towns and rural districts of the country. In London, for instance, there is one 'jail-bird' to every 178 of the community at large; in Manchester and the cotton manufacturing districts, one in 154; in Brighton, Worthing, and other large pleasure-towns, the proportion is one to 95; in Liverpool, Hull, and the commercial ports, one in 93; while in Sheffield, Birmingham, and the towns devoted to the hardware trade, the large proportion is reached of one in 47!

The first class of officials brought into immediate connection with criminals is the *police*. Day after day do 20,256 of these conservators of life, limb, and property keep watch and ward over the security of the public. As every year adds largely to the class more immediately the object of police vigilance, the force has continually to be enlarged also; and last year no fewer than 1069 were added to it. The labours of the police are by no means light. Every offender brought to justice must necessarily pass through their hands, and a vast number discharged before trial also share their attentions. Last year, they took into custody 404,034 individuals—about 20 to each policeman—and of these, more than two-thirds were convicted and punished in one way or another; 65,261 were actually imprisoned by the magistrates; 160,636 were fined and discharged; and 302 were not only imprisoned, but visited with the additional degradation of the lash.

It has been of late years rather fashionable to write down the idea of any individual virtues presumed to be possessed by policemen, and to throw some shade of discredit upon the value and efficacy of the force generally. We think a glance at the above figures must be sufficient to prove the idle nature of any such surmises. Every policeman on duty, in addition to the multifarious duties he has to perform in preserving order and preventing accidents in the streets of our great towns, in inquiring after and recovering lost property, &c., is instrumental in the capture, on the average, of one delinquent every two days, and often upon such capture risks his life, and receives fearful injuries, for which no sort of compensation is awarded to him.

What had our four hundred thousand and odd friends done that they were taken into custody at all?—85,472 had been drunk and disorderly; 83,086 had committed assaults; 42,226 had stolen property of various amounts; 32,700 were vagrant offenders and riotous prostitutes; and the remainder had committed the thousand-and-one crimes daily brought under the eye of every 'police report' reader.

It would, however, speak well for the virtue of our criminal classes if the above were the only offenders of which we had to speak; their offences were, after all, only magistrates' cases, and were, many of them, of a trifling character. To them we must add 17,855 persons of both sexes, and of all ages, tried before superior courts for crimes and misdemeanours of a nature far too serious to be determined by any other tribunal than that of a jury, directed by a learned and painstaking judge: 13,000 of these were disposed of at quarter and other sessions; 3426 at the assizes; and the remainder at the Central Criminal Court. Prisoners do not so easily escape from the superior as from the magistrates' court; and of those tried in the manner just mentioned, about four-fifths were convicted, and received sentences varying in intensity with the enormity of their crimes—10,834 were simply imprisoned, 229 were whipped, 2130 were condemned to penal servitude, 53 received sentence of death, and 11 expiated their guilt upon the scaffold! Not a single individual was transported last year.

\* *Criminal Statistics, England and Wales, 1859. Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Costs of Prosecutions, 1859.*

Transportation, after having flourished for 140 years, has given place to penal servitude, and a vast saving has thus been effected.

If the total number of the class from which our criminals proceed be compared with the average number of those confined in prison, it will be found that offenders against the law pass about *one-fifth* of their time in confinement; and for the accommodation of such numerous and inveterate offenders, the prison arrangements of the several counties and large towns of England have, during the last twenty years, been gradually enlarged and remodelled, till, at the present time, our prisons form one of the largest and most expensive institutions of the country.

There are no fewer than 156 jails and houses of correction in the country, having, in the aggregate, provision for 30,000 inmates; and over these prisons 2405 officers continually keep 'watch and ward,' being one officer to about eight prisoners. Into these 156 receptacles of crime there were poured, last year, in round numbers, 140,000 evildoers; and the average daily number within their walls was 18,770!

A hundred and eighty-six governors and deputy-governors superintended the internal economy of these prisons; 146 surgeons kept matters square in the internal economy of the prisoners themselves; 146 chaplains attended to the spiritual improvement of the sons and daughters of iniquity; 147 clerks kept due account of the incomings and outgoings of the establishments, while 1326 warders and subordinate officers were constantly employed within the walls. The prisons we have mentioned are, however, only intended for the safe custody of persons awaiting trial, of debtors, and of those criminals who have been sentenced to a comparatively short period of incarceration. We have said that transportation has given way to penal servitude, and we may add that the 'hulks,' once the floating abodes of notorious offenders, now exist but in name. What becomes, then, of the thousands who, year by year, are sentenced to spend long periods of years, and even their whole lives, in confinement?

At the pleasant suburb of Pentonville—on the banks of the Thames at Millbank—in the stony island of Portland—in the dirty sailor-town of Portsmouth—in still dirtier Chatham—at Dartmoor, Lewes, Parkhurst, and Brixton, are situated gigantic 'convict prisons,' penal settlements in the midst of a great and happy country, containing some 7000 male, and 1000 female prisoners, the guilt of all of whom is of so black a dye that a few years ago they would undoubtedly have been favoured with a halter at Newgate. Some, indeed, of these offenders are still considered too dangerous to be kept in the country, and are shipped off to Western Australia, to Bermuda, and to Gibraltar, to be employed upon the public works. 'Tickets of leave,' about which so much has been said, and which have proved such a bane to the community at large, are decidedly out of fashion; and of the 11,292 convicts received and maintained in the ten above-mentioned prisons during the past year, only 312 were discharged with these vouchers. Of course, the discipline of the 'convict prisons' is more strict than in other places of confinement; and in consequence the number of officers employed is greater in proportion to the number of prisoners, being one of the former to every *six* of the latter. With such a staff of officials, 1194 in number, we are scarcely surprised to find that although 147 men were whipped, 3315 put into dark cells, 2906 placed on the starving system, and 2557 subjected to other punishments, only 3 escaped.

How can they escape? We asked the question of a warder, not a month ago, as we stood in one of the 'night-cells' of one of the strongest of these strong dwellings. 'Well, sir,' was the reply, given with a complacent smile—'well, sir, I don't think they have much chance. The ceiling here is one stone ten

inches thick; each wall is a stone of the same thickness; the floor is formed of one block of stone also; the window has *three* iron gratings, and looks down seventy feet clear; two iron doors close the cell—the inner has three bolts, and the outer has two bolts and a powerful lock. And when we turn this key upon a prisoner over-night, sir, we generally know where to look for him in the morning.

'And, pray, what sum of money,' our political-economical friend will ask, 'may all those pretty little arrangements connected with crime cost?' Hitherto, our information connected with the expense of crimes and their punishments has been particularly vague and unsatisfactory; it has been spread over numerous returns and other official documents, and has never been, of late years, digested into any tolerably readable form. Mr Samuel Redgrave, the compiler of the statistical tables upon which we are so largely drawing for information, lets us into 'the way the money goes' in a very familiar manner.

The police establishments cost last year L.1,447,019, 3s. 7d.—a sum which included the expense of examination before magistrates, &c. The cost of trying prisoners at the sessions and assizes amounted to L.95,890; the amount expended in the support of the 156 prisons we have before alluded to, was L.530,285, after deducting L.23,194, the amount which the prisoners' work sold for. Each prisoner, therefore, costs, on the average, about L.23, 10s. The expense of the ten convict prisons amounted to no less a sum than L.254,711, and the mean annual cost of a prisoner to the nation to L.33, 7s. 6d. The work done in these establishments in the year was valued at L.7762, 6s. 1d.

If to the charges just given we add the cost of 800 persons who, having been tried for various offences, and acquitted on the ground of insanity, are now confined in the different lunatic asylums spread over the country at an annual expense of L.22,122; and the expenditure (L.31,027) incurred by the maintenance of 47 reformatory schools, in which juvenile offenders under sixteen years of age are kept in safe custody, and brought from the error of their ways by a firm and judicious system of management, combining the severity of prison-discipline with the valuable training of an industrial school, we shall find the cost of these various branches of criminal justice to amount to L.2,384,054, 3s. 7d.!

A pretty sum, truly, to pay year after year for the 'preventing and punishing of vice, profaneness, and immorality'; but a sum which, unfortunately, by no means represents *one-half* of the actual expenses which criminals entail upon the tax-paying portion of the population. There are the salaries of judges, recorders, stipendiary magistrates and their clerks, building and maintenance of court-houses and justice-rooms, coroners' inquests, sheriffs' expenses, convicts' keep in the colonies, &c., yet to be provided for.

And what, after all, is the value of the property actually stolen and injured during the year by the class absorbing so much money in their conviction and punishment? Fifty thousand pounds in London alone, say the metropolitan police; L.15,000 in our own city, say their brethren of Manchester; and corresponding amounts are returned by the police forces of our other large towns. All such calculations, however, are, it is probable, much below the actual defalcations. One thing is certain—135,000 people daily live by plunder and fraud alone, and L.25 is a very moderate yearly amount to allow each of these individuals for their bare food and clothing: this calculation will give us L.3,873,000 as the aggregate amount consumed by the thieves of England in the twelvemonth; and if this amount be added to the one already arrived at, and to the probable expense prosecutors and witnesses are put to in securing the conviction of offenders, we shall arrive at the painful conclusion, that out of honest men's pockets there is

yearly taken, for the support, trial, conviction, and punishment of the criminal classes of the country, not less than *ten million pounds sterling*!

### THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—UNDER FOOT.

It was broad daylight before Ryder left Ladybank, and took his way to Teesdale How, not without much matter upon which to ponder on his road. Thankfulness for the escape of himself and Marsden upon the preceding night was largely mingled with indignation against Luders; the heartless trick which the West Indian had played them in exchanging the brandy for snow-water, on an occasion, as he must have known, when the spirit might have been necessary to their safety, was bad enough; but besides that, Ryder could not help suspecting, although, of course, he had no knowledge of what had actually occurred, that even the lamp, upon whose light their very existence had depended, had been tampered with. Had it been set in the window at any reasonable time, he felt sure they must have seen it from the Fells earlier than they did; and although its sudden appearance, late as it was, did probably save at least one of their lives, he felt small gratitude to him who could procrastinate in such a perilous matter. Then, again, the invisible footstep upon the stair, which at a less eventful time would have entirely occupied his mind, sank into insignificance by the side of the astounding discovery of Phoebe Rosthwaite—a living proof of the cruelty as well as profligacy of his foe. According to the poor girl's account, she had long ceased to entertain any other sentiment with regard to Luders than that of abject terror. She would have returned home long ago, and begged forgiveness of her father, but for the young man's threats.

He had, it seemed, often persuaded the foolish girl to fly with him, and the Rushbearing at Greendale had offered the best opportunity for this being carried into effect. Luders had well arranged his plans beforehand, and it must be confessed that Phoebe herself had exhibited no little duplicity and cunning. She had flirted with Marsden, in concert with Luders himself, while he, on his part, as we have seen, directed her father's jealous suspicions into the wrong channel. Luders's very quarrel with his fellow-pupil was premeditated; he had secretly followed the drunken miller and his daughter home, and in less than an hour was driving off with her to a distant town, whence she alone had taken a post-chaise to meet the night-mail at the nearest railway-station, while he, in the meantime, returned to the How. She took her ticket to a large manufacturing town—a fact which in course of time transpired, and set suspicion on a wrong scent—but got out at an intermediate station, whence, after one entire day, she returned unrecognised, and took up her abode at Ladybank. This place had been long fixed upon by Luders for the purpose, on account of its extreme loneliness, and the bad reputation which kept the country-folks away from it. Enough of provisions—and, in particular, of strong drink for his own use—had been laid in to last his unhappy prisoner (as she speedily became) for a length of time; while even a small stove had been provided, without which, as the winter advanced, a residence at Ladybank would indeed have been insupportable. Certainly, never was erring mortal more immediately and severely punished than the wretched Phoebe. Almost at the very first Luders had rudely informed her that all his promises of providing her with a home, after a few weeks, and as soon as he should leave the How for good, as he expected to do, were false. He made little pretence of regard for his victim, when once in his power; but instead of affection, employed the more easily worked engine of fear. Fear, not so

much should she venture to return home, of the opinions and conduct of her own associates, the harshness of whose sentiments towards her, however, he had greatly misrepresented and exaggerated—but of Luders himself. She was, in truth, in terror for her life. She rightly imagined that the man who could cruelly tyrannise over one who had given up all, however guiltily, for his sake, would hesitate at nothing—not even at murder itself; and besides this, she had an additional reason for remaining quiet, which she confided to her two deliverers in a terrified whisper. She was firmly convinced, she said, that this man Luders was, under certain circumstances, a person not answerable for his own actions—in short, a temporary maniac. Under the influence of drink especially, his fury became either uncontrollable, or, if controlled, took the form of a calm malignity more terrible and inhuman than any passion.

'Do not tell, sirs—pray, do not tell, if you would have me live, and shameful and disgraced as I am, life is still dear to me,' said she; 'but though he doesn't beat me, as my poor father did, he pinches me: see here!'

She bared her arm, white and shapely still, but not the plump arm Marsden had known it at the Greendale Rushbearing, and near the shoulder there was a black bruise, large as a crown-piece.

Ryder started up with a great cry of anger at the sight, and Marsden struck the floor with a blow so savage that it skinned his knuckles.

The whole scene was indeed truly melodramatic. The wretched but undeniably beautiful Phoebe pouring out her wrongs in that Robinson Crusoe apartment of hers, furnished with meats and drinks as if for a siege, to the two sympathetic young men, whom she besought with tears not to leave her until she was safe in her father's hands; while the very dog looked up at her with attentive eyes, and only by the cock of one ear exhibited remembrance of what had occurred on the stairs so recently, and might occur again. With regard to that mysterious matter, Phoebe had heard nothing of it until the present night, or probably not even her terror of Luders would have detained her in the ruined house of Ladybank; exceedingly frightened by the occurrence, although she had only partially comprehended its nature, she had involuntarily screamed out, with the intention of appealing to the young men for protection against the supernatural cause of fear, rather than against her mortal tyrant: and it was only afterwards, and when encouraged by their evident sympathy, that she was induced to confide to them her wretched story.

Thus it was that, leaving Marsden, whose ankle rendered him unable to move, to protect Phoebe, Ryder took his way to the How for help, with such a storm of indignation in him against Luders. 'Certainly if I met him now,' thought he, 'whether he were in his responsible state of mind or not, he should give me answers to a question or two. His fury and his malignity may be what they may, but it will be necessary for them to put up with a little beating.' If the lady in whose cause he felt so strong was not so faultless as those who animated the knights-errant of old, they could scarcely have had a more determined cavalier than she. Presently he saw a crowd of people approaching him, principally dalesmen, to whom word had been sent by Florence of the non-return of the two young men, and who were about to scour the Fells in search of them; and following these came the young ladies themselves, with stimulants and such remedies as it occurred to them would be useful to half-frozen wanderers.

'I am so glad to see you, Mr Ryder,' cried Florence hastily, as soon as they came up; 'but where is Mr Marsden?'

Ellen did not speak, but her white face and restless eyes expressed a more intense emotion than any words could have done.



'He is safe and in shelter,' returned the young man rather sadly, for he read small joy in the fair girl's looks at his own security.

The blue eyes were gemmed at once with a grateful dew, and 'How tired you look!' and 'What a dreadful night you must have passed!' proclaimed at once that Love was at ease, and only tender Young Ladyism remained to be interested.

'They are at Ladybank,' stuttered Ryder, whose bashful nature was by no means equal to explaining all the circumstances of the case.

'They! Who is "they?"' cried Ellen. 'Do you call Carlo and Mr Marsden they?'

'I mean Marsden and Phoebe Rothwaite,' replied Ryder, with some relish of malice; but he was sorry when he saw Miss Ellen's cheek suffer such a change as might a rose which had become a peony. 'We had better not take so many people,' added he hastily; 'there need be only a couple of men to carry him.'

'To carry him!' repeated Ellen plaintively, and the peony in its turn changed into the whitest of lilies.

'To carry him!' repeated Florence wonderingly; 'and what do you mean about Phoebe Rothwaite? Is she found?'

Hereupon the blundering, blushing youth had to recount what had occurred from first to last as succinctly as he could.

'And what is it you recommend?' asked Florence, in a tone of deepest pity, but in evident reliance on the simple-hearted young man's advice.

'If you wouldn't mind'—he answered hesitatingly, 'you and Miss Ellen—I think it would be well for you to go up to the mill, and prepare the old man for his daughter's coming: she will be best at home for the present.'

'But will she be safe?' asked Ellen.

'I will answer for so much as that myself,' replied Ryder quietly, but with such a gleam in his blue eyes as made Florence glad to be able to say 'No' to his next question, as to whether they knew where Luders was.

'The dreadful man is gone out skating on the lake, we hear,' said Ellen. 'Oh, Mr Ryder, I wish you had been at home last night, for he almost frightened us into fits.'

'Hush!' said Florence hastily; 'do not exaggerate, my dear: Mr Luders has enough to answer for without our adding any accusation.'

'He frightened you, did he?' returned Ryder in the same grim quiet tone as before. 'He seems to be fond of frightening women.'

'Yes,' cried Ellen impetuously; 'and you may thank Florence and me that you saw the lamp at all last night, for he had poured out the oil from it.'

'Mr Ryder,' said Florence earnestly, and drawing him aside, 'may I ask a personal favour of you? You grant it? Thank you. It is that you will not seek Mr Luders to-day, or speak with him, if you meet him.'

'Why not, Miss Bateman?'

'You know why not, without my particularising the reason,' said she; 'and you may thank me afterwards for binding you so unhandsonely: and now, if you will return to Ladybank with these refreshments, and keep the people from seeing Phoebe, it would be well. We will wait at the mill until she comes.'

Ryder, whose natural obstinacy was not proof against a young lady's wishes, assented to this, although not without some reluctance; the least part of the hardship of returning was that he had had no rest for the last twenty-four hours, and was suffering still from the intense frost which had begun the night before to stiffen nature in her snow-shroud. What vexed him was that he was prevented, by such an arrangement, from meeting with Luders, with whom he had a crow to pick that was by this time grown to be a buzzard. The truce, too, according to his tacit promise made with Miss Florence, was

to last the whole of that day, and it was possible—though not very likely—that in the meantime his enemy might altogether escape. Having, therefore, discreetly gone on before to Ladybank, and persuaded Phoebe to withdraw herself secretly to the mill, he returned home, in very ill temper, by the side of the crippled Marsden.

Mr Onslow Bateman arrived at the How late that same evening, to hear most of the bad news with which every one in his little household was open-mouthed; and so also did his daughters from the mill, with an account of the forgiving reception by her father—to procure which had caused them, however, many hours of entreaty and reasoning—of the unhappy Phoebe.

The one person whose coming was most dreaded, yet most looked for, of any, did not make his appearance. When the house was closed for the night, it still lacked one of its inmates, in the person of Mr Bartholomew Luders. There was one individual only sitting up for him, who had been asleep half the day, for the especial purpose of keeping himself fresh for his coming, and even he could scarcely be said to be acting from motives of affection. Mr Charles Ryder walked up and down his little dormitory, and stared out into the glittering moonlight from time to time with impatient mutterings, ever and anon breathing upon his fists in a ferocious manner, not so much to warm them, although it was intensely cold, as to keep them in condition for expected combat. The desire to slay Luders, which had at one time been really strong within him, had subsided during the last twelve hours to pommelling-pitch; but he knew that a letter to the West Indian's father, announcing his son's expulsion, lay sealed in the library below, and he was therefore extremely anxious to make the most out of what would be probably his last opportunity.

The next morning, however, the missing pupil being still absent, it was agreed upon all hands that he had withdrawn himself permanently from the polite amenities of Teesdale How.

Whatever unpleasant reflections concerning his disappearance may have beset the mind of Mr Onslow Bateman concerned only his West Indian connection, and were restricted to him alone. No other person of the household in the least regretted his departure; and save that his evil deeds proved the pretty frequent subject of conversation from bedroom to kitchen, the memory of the man himself began in the short space of two or three days to wane. Each went about his usual work or pleasure as though Mr Bartholomew Luders had never been a sharer in either, and without one of those tender and regretful thoughts which a man, being absent, must have been vile indeed not to have earned for himself from those he has left behind. On the fourth day, which, like the rest, was one of intense frost, Ryder took his skates, and leaving his still lame friend within doors, strode down to the lake. The ice was very smooth and clear as glass, for no snow had fallen on its own polished surface, which reflected the white mountains like a mirror on every side. On all that mighty sheet, Ryder was the one solitary skater, but the wintry echoes hailed him as though he had been half a score:

The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy not unnoticed.

This unromantic young man was not so destitute of poetical feeling but that the sullen and solitary grandeur of the scene was impressed upon him in spite of himself. He strove to whistle a lively air, as if to assert his independence of any such influences, but the notes died away as soon as the indignant echoes would permit them to do so. He wished for a companion with whom to race along the glassy expanse,

or to explore the creeks and coves. Even the society of Luders, thought he, would be almost better than this utter solitariness. 'Remote, unfriended,' as he felt, he might have applied the rest of the line to his occupation, which seemed in truth both 'melancholy' and 'slow.' Suddenly, and as if to remove at least this last stigma, he started off at utmost speed, and gave his body to the wind, and let the banks on either side come sweeping by him; then, reclining back upon his heels—

Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs

Wheeled by him—even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round.

On one of these occasions, as he was hurrying along the centre of the mere, a human face flashed on him from below. At first, although it shocked him greatly, he concluded it to be the reflection of his own; but momentary as the glance had been, the impression produced by it was too strong to be satisfied by such an explanation, and he retraced his steps at once with less velocity. Though nothing at all resembling it could now be seen, the idea took firmest hold of his imagination. What an awful death for any one—for himself—thought he, would it be to be engulfed in that melancholy mere, while the cruel frost hastened to seal one up from one's fellow-creatures! What a lonely tomb would that vast lake be for a man with the grim mountains for gravestones, and the funereal fir-forests for his only mourners!

Whose face, then, was that face like, if it was not the reflection of his own? Was it like any other man's he knew, or was it that of a mere water-kelpie, such as Michael Rothwaite believed in? The associations which that name awoke resolved his doubts, and turned them into dreadful certainty. Yes, it was the face of Bartholomew Luders! His blood ran cold at the thought, for he had now no doubt of the reality of the horror. Over and over again he searched the track which he had last traversed, and at length he came to the face under his feet again. It could only be seen from a certain point, and that not immediately over it, but from thence it was perfectly visible, as through a thick glass-case. The cold stony eyes which he knew so well, were open as though in life, and wore an inexpressibly awful look. Death had come upon the wicked man unawares, indeed. The ice of the earlier part of the frost had evidently broken beneath the poor wretch, who had been unable to regain the hole through which he had fallen, and over which there was by this time stretched a new crystal curtain. The first thought of Charles Ryder, when the immediate terror of the thing was passed, was one of thankfulness to Florence Bateman for preserving him from having sought the blood of this man at the very time when he lay drowned in Teesdale mere, and God had taken his punishment into His own hand. The next instant, Ryder laid his cap reverently down to mark the spot where the dark face looked up at the sky, and sped across that no longer solitary mere for home and help.

#### RUSSELL'S DIARY IN INDIA.\*

Few works of a popular kind have appeared on India, and until the late revolt, there was little generally known, nor did the nation at large think much, about that country; in point of fact, they do not care a great deal about it even now. The common notion is, that it is a vast region in the east, which we have somehow conquered and keep possession of, ostensibly for the sake of commerce, but really for the purpose of affording places, civil and military, to a great

number of young men, who are much too aspiring to betake themselves to any ordinary branch of industry at home. No doubt, the past history of our Indian empire is not such as to reflect any great credit upon us, beyond what is due to generalship and individual bravery. As regards civilisation, or even conciliation of the miscellaneous races of natives, we have failed; our attempts to Christianise them have lamentably failed; our fiscal system has so signally failed, that, unless we look pretty sharp, India threatens to become a dead-weight on our home finances; and that our general conduct of affairs, until the present time, has been a failure, we have the best evidence in wide-spread disaffection, and an almost successful revolt against our authority. For the first time, as it appears to us, some light has been thrown on the cause of these disastrous results. Mr W. H. Russell, who acted as special Correspondent of the *Times*, found time, in the midst of professional and harassing duties, while accompanying the army of Lord Clyde, to write a diary of his adventures, abounding not only in matter of an amusing nature, but in pointed observations illustrative of the relationship between ruler and ruled. These remarks are often made in an off-hand and humorous way, but that by no means lessens their value; and on the whole it may be said, that the work of this 'Bedouin of the press,' as the writer is pleased to call himself, is the most readable and practically useful one which has ever appeared on India.

After being but a short time home from the Crimea, Mr Russell set out for Calcutta towards the close of 1857, taking the usual overland route, and so on by steamer down the Red Sea. At the very outset, when in the train from Alexandria to Cairo, he gets a fair specimen of English *bruquerie*. A number of 'young gentlemen of the Army Medical Department,' bound for India, amuse themselves by pelting the railway officials with oranges; a volley being fired off at every station, and only put an end to by an Egyptian engineer, who 'received one in the eye,' threatening to throw the whole party down the embankment. On board the steamer, between Suez and Aden, there was, as might be expected, a development of character. The grand point in Indian etiquette is, that those who have office of any kind are the salt of the earth, the true aristocracy. Merchants, traders, planters, capitalists, although concerned in works calculated to benefit the country, are viewed with prejudice and antipathy, and must be kept at a distance. As regards the natives from high to low—though rich, educated, and well conducted—they are every one of them 'niggers.' Having a dark hide, they are 'as the beasts of the field.' Notions of this sort are ventilated at a dinner on board the steamer. 'By Jove! sir,' exclaimed the major, who by this time had got to the walnut-stage of argument, to which he had arrived by gradations of sherry, port, ale, and Madeira—'By Jove!' he exclaims thickly and fiercely, with every vein in his forehead swollen like whip-cord, 'those niggers are such a confounded sensual lazy set, cramming themselves with ghee and sweetmeats, and smoking their cursed chillumjees all day and night, that you might as well think to train pigs. Ho, you! punkah chordo, or I'll knock—Suppose we go up and have a cigar!'

Moralising on these demonstrations, Mr Russell takes the white race, 'the favourites of Heaven,' smartly to task. It may be all very pleasant for the Anglo-Saxon race to domineer over a minority of 'niggers,' in countries susceptible of colonisation by whites; but 'what course should we pursue when we find ourselves in a vast empire, lords and masters indeed, but dependent every moment of our lives on the people we found at our coming, and unable to raise from the soil the feeblest stem of our race? . . . It is hard to bear the rule

\* *My Diary in India, in the Year 1858-9.* By W. H. Russell, LL.D. 2 vols. Routledge, London. 1860.



of an alien at any time; but when that alien is haughty, imperious, and sometimes insolent and offensive, his authority is only endured till the moment has arrived to destroy it. . . . If we, who are the governors of the people, do not govern ourselves, and protect the people, what redress have they, and what have we to expect? These are the sentiments which gradually grew upon me as, day after day, I heard the same expressions used with respect to the natives of Hindostan. Let every word that is uttered of that sort be granted in its entirety, and we come at once to the question—how can those who entertain such feelings govern a people in justice and mercy? Why are we in India at all? Because Heaven wishes it, says some gentleman, who meantime thinks Heaven's sole design with regard to himself is, that he shall make as many rupees as he can, get his pension or his debentures, and at once leave the "confounded country" for ever. A French doctor, in the steamer, philosophising on the scenery and the heat, speaks contemptuously of the Mussulmans who kill themselves making the hadj to Mecca. 'But,' observes our author, 'were there not Israelites on board, some flying from the Egyptians, others seeking the Canaan of rupees?'

Thus 'moralising,' Mr Russell gets to Aden, Galle, and finally Calcutta, at the end of January (1858), drives to the Bengal Club, where he 'had been kindly elected an honorary member.' He does not mention the circumstance, but we can gather as much, that his function as *Times*' Correspondent overcomes the prejudice against non-officials; that, in fact, out of respect for, or fear of, that powerful public organ, he is received with marked attention everywhere. At the club, he hires a native servant, Simon, a personage who speaks English, and manages his affairs in a satisfactory manner, at a wage of five-and-twenty rupees a month.

A few days are spent in making all suitable preparations for a start to Cawnpore—Lord Canning promising to further the object of the journey; friends are visited, and a look is taken of Barrackpore and its disarmed regiments. The most striking thing of all is the scarcity of white faces, one of which is sought for as a botanist would look for a rare plant; while the natives are everywhere swarming in and out of their dwellings. 'It was the first impression made on my mind as to our numerical nothingness amidst the people. All the splendour of Calcutta carriages could not efface it.' All things being ready, including revolvers and rifle, after 'an awful night with mosquitoes,' the author sets off for the upper country by a railway, which extends 120 miles. The method of journeying onward was by a gharry, a kind of van on four wheels, and which, with accommodation on the top for baggage, may be used for lying or sitting inside; provided with some shelves and lockers at the ends, it is not an uncomfortable means of locomotion. 'The Indian traveller lives in his gharry, sleeps in it, and often eats in it.' Along the main routes there are bungalows for public accommodation—the government charging 'eight annas, or one shilling, to each traveller for the use of the bungalow whilst he halts. As to refreshments, supplied by the khitmutgar (or keeper), there is no rule, and he charges as he pleases, or you may bargain with him.' Though professedly open to all, these inns, as we may call them, are almost exclusively used by the governing race. 'There would be as much indignation experienced at any attempt on the part of natives to use the staging bungalows, as there is now expressed by some Europeans in Calcutta at their audacity in intruding upon "ladies and gentlemen," in first-class carriages.'

Many troubles are encountered on the road, but no discomfort to what was to be afterwards endured. Approaching Benares, crowds of people are passed; but 'in no instance is a friendly glance directed to the

white man's carriage. Oh, that language of the eye! Who can doubt? who can misinterpret it? It is by it alone that I have learned our race is not even feared at times by many, and that by all it is disliked. Pray, God, I have read it falsely!' Quitting Benares, a push is made for Allahabad, whence, partly by rail, and partly by gharry, Mr Russell and Mr Stewart, a temporary companion, connected with the telegraph system, reach Cawnpore. Installed in a tent, our traveller has an interview with the commander-in-chief, the account of which, so honourable to both parties, will not bear abridgment.

'The flap of the little tent was raised immediately, and I made my bow to Sir Colin. He was "frank" and cordial. After a few remarks about the Crimea, his excellency said: "Now, Mr Russell, I'll be candid with you. We shall make a compact. You shall know everything that is going on. You shall see all my reports, and get every information that I have myself, on the condition, that you do not mention it in camp, or let it be known in any way, except in your letters to England." "I accept the condition, sir; and I promise you it shall be faithfully observed." "You see," Sir Colin continued, "you will be among a set of young fellows here, surrounded, as all of us are, by natives who understand all that is going on better than we think. They talk about what is happening, or what is going to take place; and all that gets to the ears of the enemy. So that our best plans may be frustrated. It is most essential for us to preserve secrecy in war, especially in a country like this." I could only assent to Sir Colin's remarks. . . . Ere I left, Sir Colin was good enough to invite me to his table; but as he gave me the option of joining the headquarters' staff-mess, I preferred availing myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of subscribing to the expense of maintenance, at the same time that I felt very sensibly the kindness of his excellency.'

The description of hot, dusty life spent in camp till the army marches on Lucknow, is full of amusing, and also of some sorrowful details. The author is again struck with the want of sympathy with the natives, the best of them being treated with indignity. 'Look at the domestic servants in camp; the tones in which they are spoken to have rarely one note of kindness, often many of anger in them. Our camp is full of significant, if small, indications of a mocking and unsympathising spirit, which, no doubt, the native reciprocates. There is no such enemy to a black skin as your Anglo-Saxon who has done so much for liberty.' Again, he observes, 'I am deeply impressed by the difficulty of ruling India, as it is now governed by force, exercised by a few who are obliged to employ natives as the instruments of coercion. That force is the base of our rule, I have no doubt, for I see nothing else but force employed in our relations with the governed. The efforts to improve the condition of the people are made by bodies or individuals who have no connection with the government. The action of the government in matters of improvement is only excited by considerations of revenue. Does it, as the great instructor of the people, the exponent of our superior morality and civilisation—does it observe treaties, shew itself moderate, and just, and regardless of gain? Are not our courts of law condemned by ourselves? Are they not admitted to be a curse and a blight upon the country? In effect, the grave, unhappy doubt which settles on my mind is, whether India is the better for our rule, so far as regards the social condition of the great mass of the people. We have put down widow-burning, we have sought to check infanticide; but I have travelled hundreds of miles through a country peopled with beggars and covered with wigwam villages.'

The account of the attack and capture of Lucknow is perhaps the most deeply interesting piece of writing in the book; and what no one had reason to expect, the Great Correspondent was in this, as in other battles,

frequently under fire, and in the greatest danger to life and limb. The rebels having at length evacuated Lucknow (March 14, 1858), the British forces rushed into the principal strongholds. 'Listen to the cheering behind us. Sir Colin is riding up the street. Now he has dismounted, and is marching up the steps of the Imambarra amidst the shouts of the troops. What a scene of destruction meets the eye as we enter the great hall! It is no exaggeration to say the marble pavement is covered two or three inches deep with fragments of broken mirrors and of the chandeliers which once hung from the ceiling; and the men are busy smashing still. This mischief is rude, senseless, and brutal, but no one cares to stop it. I think of Kertch, and sigh and pass on. We are on the flat roof of the Imambarra mosque, and a few remote pandies amuse themselves by potting at us, but they are in too great a state of fear to make good practice. Below us, Sikhs and Highlanders are winding in front of the various doors and windows of the buildings around the court, like the denizens of an ant-hill, or, with jubilant shouts, dragging out some miserable pandy from his hiding-place. There is not a space of four yards square which does not bear the mark of heavy shell blows and dint of iron. The courts are full of the wreck of the Imambarra, mixed with fragments of sepoy's clothing, accoutrements, horns filled with powder, firelocks, matchlocks, shields, and tulwars.' The heat, we are told, was sweltering, and there were cries for water which no one could attend to. For a space, discipline was at an end. The most beautiful objects of art were destroyed or carried off as plunder. In the midst of the appalling scene, a soldier offered our author an armlet of emeralds, diamonds, and pearls for a hundred rupees; but he had no money; and the precious gems, which were otherwise disposed of, turned out to be worth L.7500.

Horrid sights are encountered on returning to camp. 'After the Fusiliers had got to the gateway, a Cashmere boy came towards the post, leading a blind and aged man, and throwing himself at the feet of an officer, asked for protection. That officer, as I was informed by his comrades, drew his revolver, and snapped it at the wretched suppliant's head. The men cried "shame" on him. Again he pulled the trigger—again the cap missed; again he pulled, and once more the weapon refused its task! The fourth time—thrice had he time to relent—the gallant officer succeeded, and the boy's life-blood flowed at his feet, amid the indignation and cries of the men.' As Mr Russell failed anywhere to verify the reports respecting the alleged mutilations of English women and children at the outbreak of the mutiny, we hope that he himself was imposed on as regards this infamous atrocity.

Following the movements of the troops, the Correspondent reaches Jellalabad, where, on the occasion of a night-alarm, he has the misfortune to be kicked by a horse, which, along with heat and fatigue, very nearly finishes him. While under medical treatment, the camp is suddenly assailed, and placed on horseback in his shirt, he escapes in a state of excruciating agony; it being by a kind of miracle that he was not cut down in the *mêlée*. Now rendered worse, he goes for the sake of his health and coolness to Simla among the mountains; the part of the work describing scenes in this quarter affording glimpses of Indian society in retirement.

The cool region in the hills, approaching in character to an English climate, offers examples of the social distinctions which are maintained by Europeans in India. We are in the habit of pitying the natives for their system of castes; but they, in vindication, point to what is equally strange to them, the castes of English life. Simla has its east and west end. 'Each man depends on his position in the public service, which is the aristocracy; and those who do not belong to it are out of the pale, no matter how

wealthy they may be, or what claims they may advance to the consideration of the world around them. The women depend on the rank of their husbands. Mrs A—, the wife of a barrister, making L.4000 or L.5000 a year, is nobody as compared with the wife of B—, who is a deputy-commissioner, or with Mrs C—, who is the better-half of the station surgeon. A successful speculator, or a "merchant-prince," may force his way into good society in England; he may be presented at court, and flourish at court-balls; but in India he must remain for ever outside the sacred barrier, which keeps the non-official world from the high society of the services.'

Finding some difficulty in reconciling these indications of caste with the religion which the English profess, the natives, of all ranks and creeds, are totally at a loss to understand the character of this strange people who have assumed the mastery over them. Towards the close of some mess reunion, when the young fellows begin to throw about glasses, dash chairs in pieces, and shout like madmen, the native servants, with folded arms, maintain a philosophic indifference, and seem as if gazing on vacancy. On one occasion, the Correspondent asks a native gentleman what the servants really think of the English and their doings, and the reply is instructive. 'Does the sahib see those monkeys? They are playing very pleasantly. But the sahib cannot say why they play, nor what they are going to do next. Well, then, our poor people look upon you very much as they would on those monkeys, but that they know you are very fierce and strong, and would be angry if you were laughed at. They are afraid to laugh. But they do regard you as some great powerful creatures sent to plague them, of whose motives and actions they can comprehend nothing whatever.'

The better order of natives are outraged beyond measure with the manner in which they are too often treated by officers of government. In the work before us, we read of a dignified old chief, who had been uniformly kind to Englishmen, and suffered much on their account, being kept waiting, and spoken to with marked disrespect, by two of the government functionaries. As already stated, be the natives what they may, they are spoken of as 'niggers.' A native prince, against whom nothing can be said, is only a 'nigger.' 'What is that — nigger doing here?' 'I wish that nigger would not kick up such a row;' and so on. Speaking of a proclamation of the Queen being read from a platform, and which it was important the natives should hear, our author says: 'I was greatly amused, on such an occasion, to hear a sergeant on duty at the foot of the staircase call to one of the men, and say to him: "I'm going away a moment; do you stay here, and take care that no nigger goes up." The truth seems to be, that the petty English officials everywhere treat the natives with contempt; a circumstance grievous to those at the head of affairs. Lord Clyde and others have said they were often pained by the insolence and rudeness of some of the civilians to the sirdars and chiefs in the north-west after the old war. Some of the best of our rulers administer justice in their shirt-sleeves (which, by the by, are used as a substitute for blotting-paper all over India), cock up their heels in the tribunal, and smoke cheroots to assist them in council; and I have seen one eminent public servant with his braces hanging at his heels, his bare feet in slippers, and his shirt open at the breast, just as he came from the bath, give audience to a great chieftain on a matter of considerable state importance. The natives see that we treat each other far differently, and draw their inference accordingly.'

Returning from the hills, Mr Russell again joins the army, and sees the scattered remnant of the rebels driven into Nepal, where they have latterly been hunted out and exterminated. Finally, he quits India in March 1859, and reaches home without any

misadventure. In closing his narrative, the painful belief is expressed, 'that the actual physical happiness of the natives has not been augmented by the change of rulers;' and it appears such was also the opinion of Sir Henry Lawrence. The melancholy fact can no longer be concealed, that the English, through selfishness, negligence, and arrogance of behaviour, have misgoverned India. And now that the revolt is put down, how is the country to be retained? We shall allow the acute author before us to answer the question. 'Let us be just, and fear not—popularise our rule—reform our laws—adapt our saddle to the back which bears it. Let us govern India by superior intelligence, honesty, virtue, morality, not by the mere force of heavier metal—prose-lytise by force of example—keep our promises loyally. Otherwise, the statesman never was born, who can render India either safe or profitable.'

### THE MODERN BASILISK.

EVERYBODY has heard of the basilisk, which was supposed to fascinate you with its eye; but the basilisk that has appeared in our day has no eyes, and fascinates one—I don't know how. It has five digital members, which I am sorry—for euphony's sake—to say are called toes; these are connected by joints to an undulating body which terminates—what a horrible language the English is!—in a heel; and the whole is attached, I am happy to say, to an ankle. These several items when encased in a covering of kid—which matter-of-fact Crispins harshly term a boot—fastened by means of a lace which runs through brass-protected holes, covered with patent leather at the extremity, and provided at the heel with a sole *à la militaire*—a very nice way of doing a sole—form altogether a very formidable basilisk. The priest, the warrior, and the philosopher own it is irresistible. I have myself heard priests acknowledge as much; warriors make no secret of it; and the philosopher is notoriously the first to succumb to its influence, probably because in pensive meditation his eyes are ever downward—for it is most frequently seen tripping over the ground. It attaches itself, with singular good sense, exclusively to the gentler sex; indeed, many ladies carry a couple with them wherever they go; and many who are not ladies are accompanied by the same number, for the basilisk is by no means of an exclusive character. It is very seldom found in quite a perfect form: it is, judges will tell you, either too long or too short; too broad or too narrow; too taper in front, or too protuberant behind; but even modifications of the model shape possess vast fascinator powers, and hold the helpless gazer spell-bound. In a fashionable promenade, it is no uncommon thing to see quite a crowd of people, with their eyes riveted upon one of these charming objects, whilst the owner is herself (apparently) unconscious of the eye-compelling properties of that which she exhibits. It is set off by what mortals with material minds do not hesitate to term a stocking, which is white or party-coloured, plain or open-worked, according to taste and fashion; and it is overshadowed by—may one say a petticoat?—which particularly when formed of a scarlet substance has been known to add much to the otherwise sufficiently bewitching creation. Beneath this drapery the basilisk sometimes lurks, and sometimes peeps suddenly forth with a very startling effect. It assumes a diversity of positions, each full of grace and enchantment. It is seen to very great advantage when resting upon the step of a carriage; and such was the shock to a young friend of mine who discovered one supporting itself on the drawing-room fender, for the sake of the genial warmth, that he was seized with a violent palpitation of the heart, and though generally very talkative, was reduced to perfect silence; for if you

can only find power of speech, the spell is broken, and your eyes are withdrawn.

It has not the baleful influence of the fabled basilisk: it checks not the growth of children; indeed, it is credibly reported to be an incentive to marriage: peers and men of fortune, commoners of eminence and men of no fortune, have had no better excuse for matrimony: to the spinster with riches, it often refuses its aid; whilst to the spinster with none, it is often a dowry, and a very handsome dowry too. Scarborough is the favourite resort of the basilisk; it issues daily from the 'Queen' during the autumn, and disports itself among the rocks; and it entraps many victims upon the 'Spa.' In the winter, the lover of natural history will do well to look after it at Brighton; and during the London season, it principally delights in the 'drive' and Kensington Gardens. Wherever a military band plays, exquisite specimens of it are sure to be observed; and a trustworthy newspaper lately gave an account of the strange fascination which it exercised upon a Rifle Volunteer. Among the patriotic lady-visitors who came to smile approval upon the drill of a certain regiment, was a beautiful young creature who possessed two of those pretty satellites, one of which she considerably displayed for the encouragement of the whole company. No. 20 immediately was 'struck'; his eyes remained fixed upon the basilisk before him. 'Eyes right!' roared the sergeant who was superintending the drill. No. 20 considered that his eyes were decidedly 'right.' 'Eyes left!' bellowed the sergeant; but No. 20 couldn't do it. 'No. 20, ten paces forward.' No. 20 obeyed with alacrity, for it brought him nearer to his object. The sergeant then gave the word to 'wheel' and 'quick march,' and No. 20 was left solitary. The young lady withdrew the basilisk beneath the drapery before alluded to, and No. 20 with a sigh found his optics free to act. Lonely, he wended his way homewards, and resigned his position as full private in the aforesaid Volunteers.

I have myself fallen under this influence, and narrowly escaped unpleasant consequences. Melancholy news had summoned me on that occasion to Hastings; and having been in no humour to court enchantment, I am at liberty to aver that my bewitchment was involuntary. Scarcely before the train started did I reach the well-known platform at the London Bridge terminus; hastily was I inducted into a carriage, and more hastily did I fling my lighted cigar out of the window (for, alas! I was young, and had been inveigled into smoking), when I found that all the places except one were occupied, and occupied, too, by ladies. It was evident that my entry was unfavourably regarded; and I heard disheartening whispers of 'dissipated young man;' handkerchiefs, too, superabundantly scented, were applied to olfactory organs, in an insinuating and aggravating manner; nor could I help saying to myself (in private extenuation) 'their abominable scent may be as disagreeable to me as my tobacco is infamous to them.' I tried, however, to make peace with my fellow-travellers in every way I could think of. I offered one old lady the *Times*, and was stiffly informed that she never read any paper but the *Record*. To another I presented, with my very best bow, the last issue of a humorous publication, which she just glanced at, and then returned to me with a smile of pity and disdain. A third assured me that she was very much obliged to me, but never could read in a railway-carriage. A fourth said bluntly that 'it smelt of smoke, and she supposed I didn't wish to make her ill;' and the fifth, to whom I sat opposite, I dared not address, she had upon her countenance so heartrending an expression of ineffable contempt. I don't think I shall ever forget her, and reasonable people will consider it wonderful if I should. She was—I don't know how old, for of course I didn't ask her, and I'm not an *Œdipus*, but I should



say—about eighteen. She was very delicate evidently, and very pretty, also evidently, and she put forward, as if to daunt me, the daintiest pair of basiliaks which I ever saw in my life; and they certainly did daunt me. I drew my clumsy muddy boots back as far as I could, and thrust them under the seat upon which I sat until my knee-caps suffered grievously, but as for withdrawing my eyes from the enchanting objects, it was almost an impossibility. I considered it a providential arrangement that she should be going, as in the sequel appeared to be the case, to Hastings, whither I was bound, for I firmly believe that wherever they got out, I should have got out and followed them until they disappeared. It was of no earthly use attempting to extricate myself: if I looked at the roof, my eyes were brought down, as if by physical force, until they rested upon the magic spot; if I made a feeble effort to admire the country through the window, the result was the same; and if I essayed to read either of my ill-treated papers, every word was transmogrified into 'boots.' So I resigned myself to my fate; and it was not a very harsh fate either. Once I fancied I saw her smile slightly, as she observed my frantic efforts for freedom of vision, and the despairing manner in which I yielded to destiny; but it was anything but an encouraging smile, and was succeeded by a most significant application to her smelling-bottle, as if to remind me of that horrid cigar. I made an inward resolve never to smoke again, though a Cubana king should be the temptation; but I shall not make an affidavit that I have kept that resolve; for I considered that the melancholy event with which my journey was brought to a close, left me perfectly free to injure my health in that manner as much as I pleased. There were prophetic warnings and portents as we jolted along, which would have been sufficient, under any other circumstances, to make me very cautious and watchful; but I was now in that comfortable state of mind, or absence of mind, which is popularly supposed to belong to him 'quem Deus vult perdere.' I fancy I must have felt very like Merlin, after he had been subjected to the 'charm of woven paces and of waving hands,' for what with the melancholy telegram which had summoned me from town, and the sneers of the anti-cigar party, and the pangs of conscience, and the fascination to which I was exposed, I felt—to use a more expressive than learned phrase—exactly 'as if I couldn't help it.'

At Reigate, there was an evil omen: the lady who read no paper but the *Record* inquired of me what station it was. I answered, carelessly, 'Boots!'

'Sir!' says she.

'I beg your pardon,' said I; 'did I say "Boots?"'

'You did indeed, sir; and I don't know what to understand.'

'I assure you, ma'am,' said I, 'my head is so confused that I hardly know what I am saying; pray, excuse me. The station is Reigate.'

On we rocked, and I knew the eyes of the Recordite were upon me, though mine were constrained to continue their task of involuntary, inevitable staring; and I heard from the hum of voices around me that they were conversing of lunatics and idiot asylums, and it struck me I had set their ideas running in that direction.

'Pray, sir,' said the severe old lady who had objected point-blank to the smell of my papers, 'did you ever visit one?'

'Yes, ma'am,' said I, 'I have been to Colney Hatch' (significant smiles exchanged), 'and very much pleased I was with my visit. It is very interesting to watch the eagerness with which the poor creatures pursue any study which by much toil and trouble they have been brought to master, and the patience and attention displayed by the teachers is really a very great lesson.'

'Did you observe anything which particularly struck you, sir?'

'O yes. There was an orphan girl who very much attracted my notice; she looked so sweet, and gentle, and innocent, it seemed to me a pity to attempt to teach her anything; and' (here my *vis-à-vis* put one boot over the other) 'she had such dear little feet!'

Just as I had finished this observation, which my questioner evidently considered quite irrelevant, for she didn't believe in any kind of witchery, we grated into the Hastings station. My *vis-à-vis* now for the first time opened her lips.

'Will you be kind enough, sir,' said a soft sweet voice, 'to give me my parcel from under the seat?' Like lightning, I bent forward, and senselessly supposing that she meant under *her* seat, caught hold of—gracious goodness! the two pretty things which had been enchanting me. It was only for a moment; there was a little shriek of horror from her, and a look of wonder from our fellow-passengers. 'Under *your* seat, sir, of course,' said she. 'I can't think how you *could* make such a mistake!'

But as it evidently *was* a mistake, and as I apologised in a manner more than abject, and as my fellow-passengers were kind enough, notwithstanding the matter of the smoke, to advocate my cause, she with a musical laugh forgave me, and hoped I should know better another time. For my part, though I daredn't say so, I feel convinced it was fascination, and that I was under an irresistible influence.

## SAINT VALENTINE.

TRADITION has preserved so few memorials of Elia's 'Immortal Go-between,' that the most skilful tactician in the modern art of biography-spinning would be puzzled to make a book out of them. Saint Valentine seems to have been a gentle, charitable, benignant bishop, blessed with a tongue marvellously persuasive in convincing pagans of the errors of their ways. His zeal met the usual reward of martyrdom, on a 14th of February, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius Claudius, somewhere about the year 270, when, after being beaten cruelly with clubs, he was beheaded. Canonisation followed in due course, the new saint taking epilepsy under his peculiar patronage:

Saint Valentine to such as do his power despise,

The falling sickness sends, and helps the man that to him cries.

His relics are preserved in the church of St Praxedes. Pope Julius (the first of the name) erected a church to his memory, near the Ponte Molo, which for a long time gave the name of Porta Valentine to the gate since known as the Porta del Popolo.

From these meagre details respecting the most popular saint in the calendar, we in vain attempt to discover any affinity between him and the rites by which his memory has been preserved and honoured. Indeed, it is by no means clear how the good bishop became responsible for the flood of tender sentiment annually poured forth under shelter of his venerable name. Ben Jonson, poet though he be, emphatically denies the martyr's liability, unlimited or limited, for this, declaring that

Bishop Valentine

Left us example to do deeds of charity—

To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit

The weak and sick, to entertain the poor,

And give the dead a Christian funeral.

These were the works of piety he did practise,

And bade us imitate; not look for lovers

Or handsome images to please our senses.

Shakspeare apparently ignores the bishop's responsibility by adopting the idea of the ornithological derivation of the customs of the day. In *A Midsummer*

*Night's Dream*, Theseus, on discovering the sleeping quartett of lovers in the wood, exclaims :

Saint Valentine is past;  
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

In the belief that the birds unanimously chose the 14th of February for forming matrimonial connections, the dramatist followed Chaucer, who makes Nature remind the 'foules'—

Ye know well how on Saint Valentine's Day,  
By my statute, and through my governance,  
Ye do choose your mates.

Donne is more explicit on the same point, invoking the saint with a

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is.  
All the air is thy diocese,  
And all the chirping choristers  
And other birds are thy parishioners:  
Thou marryest, every year,  
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;  
The sparrow that neglects his life for love;  
The household bird with his red stomacher;  
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon  
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon.

The household bird with the red stomacher does pair about this time, but for the sake of the pleasant association, it is to be regretted that hymeneal unanimity among the chirping choristers and their less tuneful relatives is nothing but a poetic fiction; many of them recoil from incurring domestic responsibilities so early, and defer settling down in the calm sobriety of married life until the more advanced season offers a greater certainty of picking up the early worm, and insures a supply of necessities to appease the appetites of a growing family.

Some have maintained that the observances peculiar to Valentine's Day originated in the circumstance of Carnival time usually falling about the 14th of February. Numbers of knights were then assembled at the various courts of Europe, for the double purpose of feasting and fighting; and each lady present chose her representative man, who enlisted in her service for twelve months, being bound by oath to perform anything she wished, and to celebrate her charms in tender rhymes. This was evidently but a chivalrous refinement upon the common custom, not the origin of the custom itself.

The incongruous connection between Cupid and the Christian prelate may, with much greater reason, be attributed to the spirit of conciliation which led the fathers of the early church to ingraft the mythological celebrations of their pagan compatriots upon the simplicity of Christian worship. Thus, the predilections of the Romans for fêtes, holidays, and merry-makings, caused the saturnalian games to be transformed into rejoicings in commemoration of the birth of Christ; the *Cereales ludi* to be adapted into carnivals in honour of newly canonised saints; and the festival of the Lupercalia, in which the Romans did honour to Pan and Juno, not only with the banquet, the dance, and the drama, but by a peculiar ceremony in which the young men drew from a box billets inscribed with maidens' names—each bachelor devoting himself for twelve months to the service of the lady falling to his lot—was altered into the festival of Saint Valentine, the love-lottery being especially retained as part of the day's observances.

In later days, that marvel of pious precocity and priestly meekness, Saint Francis of Sales, was much scandalised at the prevalence of such a frivolous practice. He did not, however, venture upon abolishing it altogether, but sought to improve the occasion by substituting saintly for feminine valentines, each youthful aspirant being expected to imitate the especial excellence of the saint whose name he drew. Emulating the life of an ascetic being many degrees

less pleasant, and incomparably more difficult, than doing the agreeable to a pretty girl, the reformation of good Saint Francis was of very brief duration. The ladies were not to be defrauded of their customary privileges with impunity, and the gentlemen soon returned to their allegiance, and kept up the primitive customs with greater ardour than ever.

Among no people had Saint Valentine, as the hierophant of the heart, more devoted disciples than among our own ancestors. In England, the practice of choosing a valentine existed at a very early period. The Monk of Bury, in his homely fashion, bears witness that, year after year, men had

An usance in this region  
To loke and serche Cupid's kalendere,  
And chose theyr choyse by grete affecioun.

A little uncertainty being a great charm in such matters, the election of valentines was left to chance. Impatient damsels would, on Valentine's eve, write their lovers' names on pieces of paper, enclose them in balls of clay, and place them at the bottom of a vessel filled with water; whichever rose to the surface first, being prophetic of the morrow's swain. Another mode of divination practised, was to take five bay-leaves, pinning four to the corners of a pillow, the fifth in the middle: if the pinner dreamed of her sweetheart, she might depend upon being married before the year was out. To make assurance doubly sure, it was advisable, in addition to the above ceremony, to boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, fill its place with salt, and eat it, shell and all, in bed, taking care neither to speak nor drink after swallowing the somewhat unpalatable morsel. One method of choosing valentines was as follows: the names of a number of maidens and bachelors were written on paper, rolled up, and drawn, so that each man and girl had in fact two valentines—the one they drew, and the one who drew them. Then came the 'relieving of the valentines,' the relief consisting in each man kissing the girl whose name he had drawn, and whom he looked upon as his true valentine, whose name he wore on his sleeve or bosom, and who expected him to give a ball or treat in her honour.

Common custom seems, however, to have decreed that the first individual of the opposite sex met on the morning of Saint Valentine's Day was thereby marked out as the year's mistress or servant. So in the *Tale of a Tub*, my Lady says:

This frosty morning, we will take the air  
About the fields, for I do mean to be  
Somebody's valentine, in my velvet gown,  
This morning, though it be but a beggarman.

As a faithful valentine was required to maintain the beauty and virtue of his lady, to escort her to all merry-makings, and execute all her commands, it was desirable that the right gentleman should be paired with the right lady; so there was doubtless plenty of window-watching at early morning by anxious lovers, not always of the less gentle sex. Does not poor Ophelia sing:

Good-morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your valentine.

Do not our readers recollect how stout Harry Gow patrolled the streets of Perth, that he might be the first to catch a glimpse of his fair saint, Catherine—how the warning voice sent him to the glover's house just in time to save his mistress from a rougher valentine—and how the 'fair maid' delighted her honest father by claiming her defender next morning with a kiss, whereby she won a pair of gloves from her armourer? Catching a lover asleep on Saint Valentine's morning was looked upon as a lucky omen, prophetic that the course of true love would run smooth.

The lady-valentines expected to receive gifts at the hands of their servants. *La belle Stuart*, the only woman Old Rowley loved in vain, received one year a jewel worth £800 from her valentine, the Duke of York; and the next, a ring valued at £300 from Lord Mandeville. 'This morning,' writes Pepys, 'came up to my wife's bedside little Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper, in gold letters done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds, but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines.' In another part of his Diary, he states that Sir William Balten, his wife's valentine, presented her with half-a-dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters; and rejoices that Mrs Pierce's little girl had drawn *him*, because she would be content with less than an older lady. It is rather a singular illustration of the supposed national characteristic of Caledonians, that while in England the gentleman only was expected to be liberal-handed towards his valentine, in Scotland, presents were reciprocally exchanged.

It seems to have been customary in old times to lose no opportunity for decking the houses with evergreens. Saint Valentine, according to Ben Jonson, shared the holly with Christmas:

Get some fresh hay, then, to lay under foot,  
Some holly and ivy to make fine the posts,  
Is't not Saint Valentine's Day?

In Kent, the girls still burn a holly-boy on Saint Valentine's Day, the boys returning the compliment by sacrificing an ivy-girl. Other curious customs are extant. In Norwich, directly it is dark, packages of all dimensions are carried about the streets in a most mysterious manner. As soon as the coast seems clear, a parcel is laid upon a doorstep, the bell rung, and the bearer takes to his heels. Inside, all—the youngsters especially—are on the *qui vive*. A rush is made to the door, the package seized, and borne in triumph, to be eagerly examined. In this way all sorts of presents are flying about the town, all anonymous, but sure to bear the initials, 'G. M. V.' for 'Good-morrow, Valentine.'

Christmas has its 'boxes,' the New Year its 'gifts,' and Valentine's Day has not failed to afford an excuse for begging. In Oxfordshire, children go about singing:

Good-morrow, Valentine;  
First 'tis yours, then 'tis mine—  
So, please give me a valentine.

And in other parts of the country, after decorating themselves with wreaths and true-lovers' knots, they go in procession from house to house, singing beneath the windows:

Good-morrow to you, Valentine;  
Curl your locks, as I do mine—  
Two before, and three behind—  
Good-morrow to you, Valentine.

Chance-chosen 'valentines' have suffered the fate of Maypoles, mummers, hobby-horses, lords of misrule, bear-baitings, and other sports and pastimes of Young England's 'merrie days'; the word itself has lost its original signification, and now is generally understood to mean the rhyming letter of affection or compliment which is the sole surviving relic of old Saint Valentine's Day. Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt, and detained in England twenty-five years, was the author of the earliest specimens of the written valentine extant. But we forbear quoting old French rhymes, although they might easily put to shame the gilt verses of many a costly modern valentine.

The custom of sending valentines had nearly become obsolete, but a revival took place some few years back, and it seems once more firmly established, as postmen

know to their cost, and fancy-stationers to their profit. It is one of those pleasant links with former times we would not willingly let die; and so, with Charles Lamb, we wish a hearty good-morrow to all faithful lovers who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesan of old Bishop Valentine and his true church.

## THE ESCRITOIRE.

BY THE LAST MAN IN TOWN.

THE longing of those who work all the year round in this great metropolis to obtain a little fresh air at autumn time, amounts to a positive thirst, and is no doubt an instinct of the animal economy, which says as plainly as it can: 'I decline to go on without an alteration in the quality of my supplies.' We hear of buffaloes traversing hundreds of miles to the salt-licks of the prairies; and no impediment possible to surmount, even including fire, their greatest terror, prevents them reaching the saline paradise. Even such a longing, not for salt-marshes, but for fresh air, have I endured during the past month—a desire for some spot free from fog, smoke, and that nameless hanging autumnal mist, which some ascribe to the absence of ozone in the air, some to the paucity of electricity everywhere, while others declare it is simply an emanation from the earth, owing to changes in the temperature.

But many there be who, with the greatest possible desire to add to the general desolation by flying away anywhere, cannot afford to leave their homes, and cast themselves on the bounty of foreign hotels or English lodging-houses. Of this latter class, I am an unfortunate example. A tether strong as the thongs of Prometheus *vincit*, and short as the grace of an alderman with venison before him, binds me to my domicile; and that tether is simply the want of means to be free. It is very bold on my part to confess this fact, for there is no crime so utterly unpardonable as that called 'genteel poverty,' but still I do confess to it; and be sure that some little piece of egotism or vanity waits on the admission, for no doubt you have observed, dear reader, when people magnanimously own to a weakness or a fault, they do so to enable them to usher in a far larger virtue than they can otherwise conveniently introduce; and thus, while I confess to my very limited resources, I go on to explain that if I chose to run into debt with my trades-people, I could very easily wing my flight for the Highlands or for Homburg, but possessing prudence and honesty, I will accept credit for nothing—save for those virtues.

Above and beyond the possession of a large heart and small means, I am a married man—a *bonâ fide* Paterfamilias, the happy parent of robust but very expensive children. My wife—Heaven bless her!—is the most unselfish being that ever breathed. She is just now too much of an invalid to leave home, but she is for ever plotting and contriving that I may enjoy a holiday, and many are the confabs we have together on the subject. The other day, leaning over my shoulder while I was writing, or endeavouring to write, at an old escritoire, full of drawers and quaint contrivances, the dialogue ran thus:

'How much, Cecil, dear, did you say we have at our banker's?'

'Fifty-seven pounds, love—not a penny more.'

'But dividends will be due in January.'

'Yes, Ellen; but a dreadful chasm yawns between us and January, and I know of no Marcus Curtius to fill it up.'

'And we owe, let me see'—

Here my wife endeavoured to count upon her dainty little fingers; but I cut the algebraical thread by saying: 'We owe at this moment seventy-seven pounds, and nothing to go on with.'



'But, Cecil, you forget the large picture in the dining-room by Carlo Marrati. You can get rid of that.'

'I cannot, indeed, my love. The Virgin is so like yourself, and the child so like dear Tommy, that I feel as if I should be selling you both.'

'But I do so wish, Cecil, you could get a little change. How much do you think they would give you for that stupid watch of mine, that never will go?'

'Nor shall it go, my darling, even under the pressure of the winding-up act. Why, you forget it was your brother's present on your wedding-day.'

'Oh, I don't think he would mind, because he bought it with my own money, you know. Shall I ask him to lend us sufficient to enable you to lay by your manuscript for a few weeks?'

'By no means, Ellen. Your brother is a man who values people according to the balance at their banker's. If you had a fortune left you to-morrow, he would make you his heir the day after.'

'Well, there is the serpent bracelet with ruby eyes; it cost a large sum, you know.'

'Not surely that, dear; remember, it involved the first clasp I ever gave you.' At this my wife smiled sweetly and complacently, and continued: 'Well, Cecil, what is to be done? It is dreadful to watch your health gradually becoming worse and worse, all for the want of a little paltry money. Let us take a ramble over the house, and see if there is anything we should not care to part with.'

Thereat, my arm round my dear wife's waist—not so slim as it will be soon, poor darling—we peregrinated from room to room of our prettily furnished abode; but there was nothing worth naming to be sent off, unless we sacrificed those household gods which hold a position half-way between utility and ornament; and we both felt it were better to go on 'hoping that something might soon turn up,' than to dethrone them. That bitter necessity might soon arise; but to cultivated tastes—and those who are constantly at work at the forge of literature may arrogate to themselves that possession—there is nothing so distressing as the necessity for parting with those little elegances which not only has association rendered dear, but which harmonise far more with our affections than the crude utility of the dining-table, or the sarcophagus under the sideboard; so we returned from the inspection of our little property just as hopeless as before. In truth, I had made a general survey of the house the night previous, when my wife was asleep; and though my hopes at one time lingered over a trunkful of discarded garments, like a flickering light over decay, it soon died out when I estimated the market-value of the habiliments by Hebrew calculation. Of plate, we had very little; and the few pieces of silver we did possess, were baptismal gifts too sacred to be touched. No, there was nothing to be done, save for me to remain at home; write thirty-nine articles, if I were able; and provide against the coming event in my family, which, I need scarcely say, considerably increased the gloom of our prospects. My wife, however, never gave way to despondency, and, in truth, her sweetness of nature shines best in adversity, just as the stars come forth brightest at night; and though we both acutely felt the impending evils of our position, we could afford to almost smile at our sorrows, for the wings of true affection swept over us, and winnowed the bitter husks of our lot from the golden grains of our love.

Not the least part of my present unhappiness arose from the fact, that the debility of the body arising from want of exercise and other causes, affected the powers of my mind; and I found myself very often wandering away from my subject, when all the energy and force of thought should have been concentrated on it. If people generally knew the immense labour of writing upon even the commonest subject, when the brain is

sympathising with a depressed condition of the nervous powers, they would bestow a kinder thought than is their custom upon those who contribute to their amusement or their instruction, for the writer for periodicals cannot adulterate his article; he cannot send his mixture of bone and meat, as the butchers do; nor bran with corn, as the millers do; nor water with milk, as the milk-folk do; nor sand with sugar, as the grocers do; nor accept a brief, and go over the hills and far away, as the barristers do; no; for the *littérateur* is constantly before the judgment-seat, or, as it were, on his preferment; and if his contributions be not up to a certain standard of excellence, they are incontinently rejected, or perhaps one out of a dozen is chosen by the editor for publication. Thus, there is no make-weight for him of bone, or bran, or sand, or water; nor will he receive his honorarium for those articles that are condemned. That which Waller, in no very elegant distich, says of poets, would be applicable to most writers:

Poets lose half the praise they would have got,  
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

A paraphrase of which might stand thus:

Much should we prize those articles selected,  
Did we but know how many are rejected.

Notwithstanding, however, reflections of this kind, I went on steadily with my work, which, by the way, was nothing more important than a novel in one volume. Meanwhile, that intense desire for change of air grew upon me to such a degree, that I absolutely looked over my humble stock of bijouterie, resolving, like the sporting characters, to part with my stud, if necessary; but then I bethought me that the price given for an article of jewellery, and the price it would fetch, involves as great a difference as a cipher placed on the right or left of a unit. By day, visions of that charming bay of Oban, lying in the lap of those giant hills, with their golden crowns and purple robes, like senators sitting in state at nature's councils, haunted me; and by night, the ripple of the sea on the pebbles, or the beating of the tide like a pulse of old Neptune's heart, made sleep an elysium, and waking a mockery. At length my mind began to be affected by strange delusions, and amongst others, whenever I attempted to write at my old French desk, a clink, as though of money, always pursued me, which, considering my circumstances, was like the gurgle of streams in the ear of the pilgrim dying of thirst in the desert. Yes, positively, as my pen went, the sound of chink, chink, followed, and at length I was forced to the conclusion that there must be something physical and tangible in the matter. In vain I peeped and peered into every crevice and corner. Every niche, every drawer, in the crazy old piece of furniture, I examined. It was one of those *Louis Seize secrétaires* with a cylinder front, which, when pulled down, covered up all my letters and papers, saving thereby the necessity of putting them tidily away. This, indeed, was the reason of my having, in more prosperous days, made the purchase at a sale, and a very useful, though somewhat cumbersome, affair I found it. I even called in a carpenter to solve, if possible, the mystery, but, of course, as is usual in such cases, when he listened, the noise ceased, and he shouldered his bag of tools, with some doubt, I believe, as to my sanity. My dear wife was, of course, as much puzzled as myself, and suggested the idea of hidden treasure, which, if discovered, would frank us to the antipodes, pay off all our debts, and leave me a Monte Christo in wealth. This was certainly a very agreeable idea, but as I had examined every portion of the *escritoire*, nay, as I had even taken what portions of it I could to pieces, there seemed but little chance of her prognostication being verified. That the sound, however, did proceed from the desk, there could be little doubt, for when I placed my ear close to the nest of drawers

at the back, sure enough, from thence issued the sound of chink, chink. 'May it not be in the wainscot?' asked my wife, 'or behind the paper in the rafters of the wall?' Upon this hint, I removed the garrulous old thing to another room, whence the strange and tantalising sound came forth, however, as loud as before.

The matter was getting more provoking every day. There was possibly some concealed wealth mocking me with its perpetual cry to be released, like the genie in the vessel, and yet so magically enslaved, I could think of no cabalistic word to set it free. Domestic matters, too, grew worse instead of better. Small bills came daily in, whose existence we had forgotten, and both myself and my dear Ellen began to look as if we had been living in the cellars. It was not possible, therefore, to go on with an invisible demon from the realms of Plutus suggesting, but never realising, all sorts of comforts, and the unchaining of our souls from the valley of debt. So, one morning, being in a humour for any amount of destruction, I borrowed implements which would have served a housebreaker, and set to work with savage determination to utterly break up and destroy the talking monster, intending not to leave one fragment standing upon another until it confessed its secret, and explained its babble. The work began. First, I simply took to pieces what portions I was able, with sardonic delight at the gathering wreck. Chink, chink, it answered from some still hidden recess. Then, in savage glee, I hammered open and broke away all the divisions, carefully sounding every separate piece; and if I suspected a hollowness therein, down came the iron mallet, shivering it to atoms. In this manner I was proceeding to thoroughly serve out my friend for his unperturbable reticence, when all at once my hand rested upon a spring, cunningly concealed, and a false drawer flew open, shrieking like an affrighted spirit, chink, chink, jingle, jingle! My wife, alarmed at the noise I made, came down to witness the devastation, and I need not say was as anxious as myself to know whether the nut I was cracking had a kernel or no; and as I was now upon the very point of finding whether it was a sweet or bitter one, I absolutely had the courage to play with destiny, and shook and rattled the drawer, to evoke the same euphonious sound of jingle, jingle. 'What say you, Ellen, my love; is it yellow or white—golden moldores or silver rubles?' Then again I shook the drawer, in my wantonness of hope and expectation. 'Oh, do let me see first, Cecil, dear!' exclaimed my wife; and pushing my hand aside, she drew open the drawer, and, behold—some loose, some wrapped up in a piece of old canvas—was a quantity of broken glass!

Like a scene at a pantomime, all the views of fairy-land vanished quite away, and horrid masks of hideous aspect came on the scene instead. Spangled stars, pink fleshings, silver light, and beautiful beings, sank into the earth, and the castle of Poverty, in a lurid copper-coloured atmosphere, took their place. My apples were of the Dead Sea—dust; my El Dorado, of stucco; my Eureka, a lie; my honey, hellebore; my hashisch dream, a foggy exhalation; and all things in the world a plot, a delusion, and a snare. As for Ellen's expression of face, it was impossible to describe. She looked at me, then at the drawerful of vitrified atoms, and then at the wreck scattered on the floor, with an aspect at once so disconcerted and comic, that I could not refrain from laughing heartily; and without saying very much on the subject, I marched off to a furniture-dealer whom I sometimes employed, in the hopes he might be able to patch up the poor old broken-down *secrétaire*; and when I told him of all the circumstances, he replied: 'Lor, sir, what a pity you didn't come to me afore: it's a common trick with them Jew brokers to put glass or bits of metal in their old pieces of furniture, in order that some

flat at the sale should fancy he was buying money as well as furniture, and bid up in consequence.' This explanation by no means had the effect of imbuing with brilliant colours the sunset of my hopes; but the reader who has followed me so far, will perhaps be glad to hear, if only for poor Ellen's sake, that owing to my having been compelled to remain in town, I obtained an appointment I had long been seeking; and which, as there was a sharp personal contest for it, I should have missed had I been absent. Thus out of seeming evil sprung for us a great good. A new-born little being now drinks the sweet air of life, and as its happy mother bends over it, need I say, that like dew from heaven falls the conviction on my mind, that in all human probability, poverty, with its bitter concomitants, is for ever banished from our home.

### THE SPIRIT'S ENIGMA.

#### HARK to the Spirit!

'I am the poet's day-dream: in the air  
Stirred by my wings the voice of Genius speaks.  
I sat at mass with Petrarch, when he drew  
From Laura's eyes the fount of melody.  
I sped the sigh that rocked St Anna's walls;  
Wrecked by the cruel world on madness' shore,  
'Twas Tasso's, for the lady of his lyre  
Wailing in music, like a sea-nymph's shell  
Upon Calypso's strand.'

#### Hark to the Spirit!

'No clime is free from me. I am the bliss  
Pictured so oft in old Arcadia—  
The shaft which Venus feathered, and the bolt  
That shook Olympus. By soft Helle's wave,  
I thrilled Leander upon Hero's lips.  
Pale Sappho at Leucadia wept to me;  
And, led o'er Latmos by her crescent's light,  
I stole with Dian on Endymion's rest.'

#### Hark to the Spirit!

'I am the crown of empires; yet the curse  
Of kings, who cannot rear the flower they plant  
In the hot air of palaces. That power  
Was mine which called forth Inez from her tomb,  
And set her, livid, on the throne of Spain,  
And bade the princes of the land bow down  
And pay her fealty. Mine, too, was the wall  
That woke in old Jerusalem, where lay  
The kingly Herod, Mariamne's lord:  
'Twas I that watched her dust, when it was all  
He saw who left it without soul on earth.'

#### Hark to the Spirit!

'I am the mate of Truth; the strength of all  
Who rule their hearts by a diviner law  
Than consecrates a king. I was the light  
That shone about the forehead of young Ruth,  
Gilding the corn-blades which she bore; the ray  
Which pierced the night of Naomi, when the two  
Would not be sundered. And, again, I streamed  
Broad day into the judgment-court where stood  
Firm Rachel by her lord, whose blanched lips cried  
To them who offered him a stranger's help,  
"My wife is here to do it!"'

#### Hark to the Spirit!

'Where'er a dirge is heard, my name is breathed.  
The cry of Eve came to me with the first  
On whom the Shadow fell in Paradise.  
I sat with Rizzpah watching by her slain.  
With David did I weep o'er Absalom.  
And, last, where pierced the thorns on Calvary,  
There knelt I with the "Woman" at the Cross.'

R. L. HERVEY.

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